

Lancashire JOHN'S

# GARLAND.

Containing Three New Songs.

1. Lancashire John.
2. The Mad Man's Morrice.
3. The Old Woman Spinning of Time.



Printed near Pye-Corner.

*Lancashire John.*

**I**N Lancashire there liv'd a Man,  
 And some they call'd him easy John,  
 He fearing that he was a Witch,  
 His old loving Wife he did beseech,  
 That he unto some court might go,  
 to know whether he was a Witch or no.

She gave Consent and he went his Way,  
 He travel'd hard both Night and Day,  
 Full threescore Miles and more he pass'd,  
 Until that he came to a Court at last,  
 Where they gave him Room for why, *ther*  
 He had some Information brought. *[though]*

Speak up, good Man and do not fear,  
 what you resolve that we shall hear,  
 Full threescore Miles; and more he came,  
 Untill that my Feet is almost lame,  
 Come tell to me before I go,  
 whether I am a Witch or no.

The Judges they laughed heartily,  
 and the Cryer he made him this Reply,  
 you are, says he, and kick'd his Breech,  
 more like a Cuckold than a Witch.  
 I thank you all the old Man cry'd,  
 Now I am very well satisfy'd.

For I'll to honest Joan my Wife,  
The Joy and comfort of my Life,  
Who met him then with merry Cheer,  
Saying you're welcome home my dear,  
What does those learned Gentlemen say,  
Are you a Witch or no I pray.

Soon as e're they saw my Face,  
They told me in a little space,  
That I was no Witch at all,  
But an old Cuckold, and that is all,  
Surely those learn'd Gentlemen are,  
All as bad as Witches I fear,

Or how should they so cunning be,  
To know that I had cuckolded thee,  
But let them all say what they please,  
Now I will set my Heart at Ease:  
Come bring us a jagg of good Ale; for why?  
I am no witch, and what care I.

*The Madman's Motive*

**H**Eard you not lately of a Man,  
That went besides his Wits,  
And naked thro' the Streets he ran,  
Wrapt in his frantick Fits,  
My honest Neighbours it is I  
Hark how the People flout me.  
See where they cry the mad Man comes,  
With all the Boys about me.

Into a Pond stark naked I ran,  
 and cast away my Cloaths Sir;  
 without the Help of any Man  
 made shift to get away Sir;  
 How I got out I have forgot,  
 I do not well remember,  
 Or whether it was cold or hot,  
 In *June* or in *December*.

*Tom Bedlam's* but a Sage to me,  
 I speak in sober sadness;  
 For more strange Visions I do see,  
 then he in *Alphis* Madness,  
 When first to me this Chance befel,  
 About the Market walkt I,  
 With Capon Feather in my Cap,  
 And to myself thus talk I.

Did not you see my Love of late,  
 Like Titan in her Glory.  
 Did you not know she was my Mate  
 and I must write her Story.  
 with Pen of Gold on silver Leaf,  
 i will so much befriend her;  
 for why i am of that belief,  
 none can so well commend her,  
 saw you not Angels in her Eyes  
 whilst that she was a speaking;  
 smelt you not smells like Paradise,  
 between two Rubies breaking,  
 is not her hair more pure than Gold  
 of finest Spider's spinning;  
 Methinks in her I do behold,  
 my Joys and Woes beginning.



is not a Dimple in her Cheek,  
 each one a Star that's starring  
 is not a Grace install'd in her,  
 each step all Joys imparting  
 methinks i see her in a Cloud,  
 with Graces round about her,  
 to them I call and cry aloud  
 i cannot live without her,  
 then raging towards the Sky i rove  
 thinking to catch her Hand  
 O then to Jove i call and cry,  
 to let her by me stand;  
 i look'd behind and there i see  
 my shadow me beguile;  
 i wish she was as near to me  
 which makes my worship smile.  
 there is no Creature can compare  
 with my beloved Nancy.  
 thus I build Castles in the Air  
 suck is the Fruit of Fancy.  
 my Thoughts mount high above the Sky  
 of none i stand in awe,  
 altho my Body here doth lie,  
 upon a Pad of Straw.  
 i was as good a harmless Youth,  
 before base Cupid caught me,  
 Or his own Mother with her Charms,  
 into this case hath brought me.  
 stript and whipt now must i be  
 in Bedlam bound in Chains,  
 Good People all you now may see  
 what Love hath for its Pains.

When I was young as others are,  
 with gallants i did flourish,  
 O then i was the properest Lad  
 that was in all the Parish,  
 The Bracelet which i us'd to wear,  
 about my arms so tender,  
 are turned into iron Plates  
 about my body slender,  
 My silken suits do now decay,  
 my cups of Gold are vanisht  
 and all my Friends do wear away  
 as i from them are banished,  
 My silver Cups are turn'd to Earth  
 i'm jeer'd of every Clown,  
 i was a better man by Birth,  
 'til Fortune cast me down,  
 i'm out of Frame and Temper too,  
 though i am somewhat chearful.  
 O this can Love and Fancy do  
 if that you be not careful.  
 O set a watch before your Eyes,  
 lest they betray your Hearts  
 and make you Slaves to Vanities,  
 to act a Madman's Part.  
 declare this to each Mothers Son,  
 unto each honest Lad,  
 if Cupid *strike*, be sure of this,  
 Let Reason rule affection,  
 so shalt thou never do amiss,  
 by reason and good Direction,  
 i have no more to say to you  
 my Keeper now doth chide me.

now i must bid you all adieu,  
 God knows what will beride me  
 to picking straws now must i go  
 my time in Bedlam spending  
 Good Folks you your Beginning know  
 but do not know your Ending.

*The Old Woman Spining of Time.*

**A**s I was a walking through fair London City,  
 I spy'd an old Woman spinning of Time.  
 I thought the Invention was wondrous pretty,  
 the Threads that she spun were so excellent fine,  
 her Hair was as white as the Blossoms in May,  
 and her Countenance lovely for to behold,  
 and thus she sat spinning, and merrily singing,  
 brave News for the Tories I have to unfold.

An hundred and three Years I've liv'd in the City,  
 And glorious times I have seen I protest  
 But now like a Turk I am forc'd for to labour,  
 and in my old age i shall never have rest,  
 until I have spun all the Time that lies by me  
 which cannot be counted the Number's so great,  
 no Money there will in old England be stirring,  
 but poverty will be each honest Man's Fate.  
 The Tories I see them to flock in great Numbers  
 to fetch home the Time the old woman had spun,  
 The Whigs in a Number, rav'd at her like thunder,  
 and swore they'd hang her as soon as she'd done,  
 you spin it so fast you will surely undo us,  
 and when that our time it is finish'd and gone  
 because that no more we can find to employ you,  
 the Tories will make their Game and their fun

The old woman answer'd you set me to work,  
 and have paid me my wages you very well know,

no more for to serve you indeed I intende it,  
to work for the Tories I mean for to go.

VVhen I've spun up the Time that the *Whigs* they  
have gave me.

I'm sure *Britain's* Kingdom will flourish amain,  
a pint of Strong Bub you will have for a Penny  
and Money my Boys you'll have plenty again,  
Then *Oliver's* Lumber will be to be sold.

a tub and a cushion for two-pence you'll buy,  
and a canting Parson you'll have for a Farthing,  
and Lumps you will buy at this jovial Out-cry.  
Informers you'll buy them for two-pence a Dozen,  
the Seed of old Noll will be given away,  
My Grandfather's in *Cheapside* will be burned,  
so cuckolds take care how you wander that way,

These glorious times Boys you surely will see them,  
if that you will stay till my Time it is spun,  
with that the Old woman pull'd up a good courage,  
and made the old Spinning-wheel merrily run.

All happiness be to Old *Britain* for ever,  
Let's wish the Old woman her Health for to spin,  
For when her work's finish'd, our trade will replenish  
So here's a good health to great *George* our King.



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